

The Long Walk Home

dark cedars line
both sides on the road
and I'm hoping that whatever
is crashing through juniper
knows that I support conservation

two shooting stars
trail over my shoulders
and I look up and see
the milky way --

it's like nothing
I've ever seen
or like ann margret's thigh
in a sequined mesh stocking

THE ALCHEMIST

everything you see is made
of earth air fire and water

what about the sheepskin
you sleep on I asked

yes even that is earth
there are no rules here

just then it started
to rain as though
we were all doomed to hell
my car wouldn't start
and she insisted I stay

her son was a whiz at chess
a smug little runt who spoke
nothing but middle english

all night I kept hearing
the fire snap at the wood
her son coughing
it's just his condition

the roads had been washed away
and telephone lines were down
garbling some hopeless message in the mud
about the betrayal of sleep
but we were all so tired
we were all so tired

-- Franz Douskey

Windsor, VT